THE JANUARY ATLANTIC.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for January is ready at the Book-stores. It contains A New "BIGLOW PAPER," by JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, entitled "Birdofredum Sawin, Esq., to Mr. Hosea Biglow." OLD AGE, by RALPH WALDO EMERSON. PILGRIMAGE TO OLD BOSTON, by NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. METHODS OF STUDY IN NATURAL HISTORY, by Prof. AGASSIZ. Also articles by THEODORE WINTHROP, GEORGE B. WINDSHIP, WILLIAM DORSHEIMER, GEORGE S. HILLARD, and other popular writers. Price of the number 25 cents. Subscriptions $3 00 a year. Published by TICKNOR & FIELDS, Boston, Mass.

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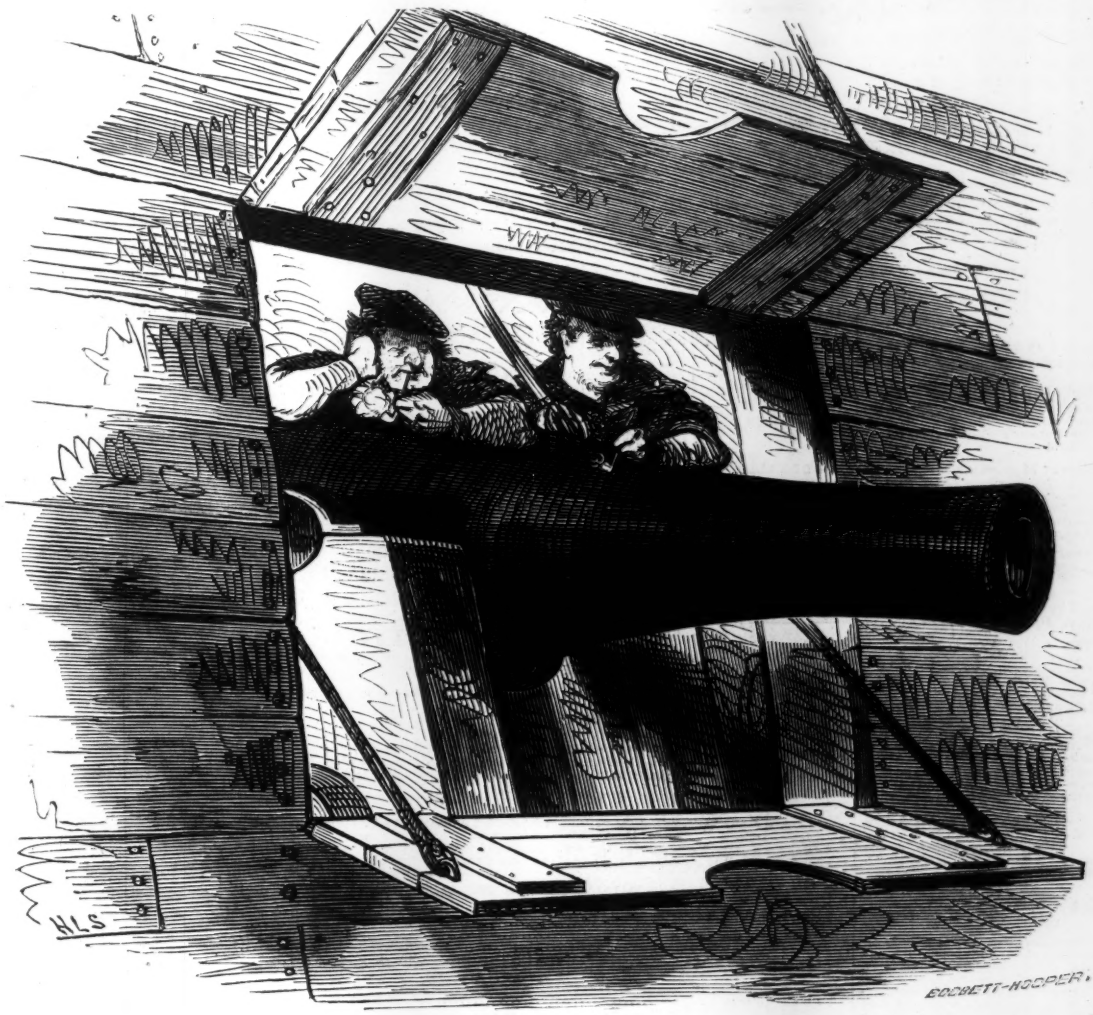
VANITY FAIR

Saturday,

DECEMBER 28,

1861.



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RANTANQUERO DE BOOM-JING-JING;

—OR—

THE WRATH OF THE REBEL RIVAL.

A ROMANCE OF THE WAR.

By McArone.

CHAPTER III.

The cold, cruel steel of the obdurate father's butcher-knife played with a silvery shimmer along the blue-veined throat of his lovely but swooning daughter.

She, so good, so fair, so noble, to die thus? . . .

It was too bad!

She had struggled vainly against her doom. Her parent was athletic. He was a member of a base-ball club, and took a good deal of exercise; so when his child endeavored to repulse him, he hit her a swat along-side the head, and she, with pearly tears in her violet orbs, sank fainting upon the carpet, only murmuring:

"O, Pop, don't stick me!"

"Wert thou a thousand times my child;" cried the hoary-headed buffer, "thy blood should flow, and by this stern, relentless hand. Hah!"

The point touched her throat, when the door was burst open from without, and Don Rantanquero stood before them.

"Go 'way;" said the old gentleman, firmly; "go 'way, I'm busy."

"Fiend!" yelled Rantanquero; "wouldst commit infanticide? Nay, then, have at thee!"

He seized the old gentleman by the loosest portion of his trousers, threw him out of the window, and lifted Glorianna in his arms.

She recoiled in horror.

"Is it you, Peter?" gasped she.

"No, love, it is I."

"O, sweet de Boom-jing-jing! how comest thou here? . . . and where's my Governor?"

"Here!" cried the now irate father, re-appearing with a large assortment of fine cutlery, including swords, pistols, and meat-axes.

"Listen to me, old man," said de Boom-jing-jing, in his softest flute-tones; "there is a vacancy in the New York Custom-House. *Verbum sap.*"

The father rushed frantically out, and took the first train for New York. He is still here, trying to get an appointment. So far, he has only got a disappointment.

"Hasten, sweet Love, to fly with me," murmured the Don;" I know where the mango-apple grows, and Summer seas are laving Summer shores; where Nature smiles, mostly, and things is slightly mixed. Thither, O, bonnie maiden, fly with me!"

"What ails my Love?" asked Glorianna, regarding his face for the first time; "whence come these bruised cheeks, those bloody nose, this puffy lip and ensanguined mug? Blow me if I don't think you've been on a jamboree!"

"I hayve," replied the Don, blushing; "but let that pass. The champion's belt is mine, and what care I, if school kept or not?"

"I love thee still," said the maiden, timidly.

"Then let us fly together from the cold, hard world, and dwell in peace and solitude alone!"

They flew, leaving Washington by the morning train. Previous to the flight, they were joined in the holy bonds of matrimony by the Rev. Dr. De Walden, of the 20th. regiment N. Y. V. He made a very neat job of it.

They went to New York, but found it unsafe, as Glorianna's father was likely to meet them; and during their stay there, the Don only ventured out once, disguised as a furniture-cart. They then took the R. & D. B. R. R. to New Jersey, and passed a week at the Strawberry Farms Hotel, where Jim Warren entertained them sumptuously. They went out rowing every day, upon the frog-pond, and had lots of apple-jack. Thus passed their time away in dreamy ease and pastoral delights.

But the fiery blood of a de Boom-jing-jing could not long remain in sluggish moods. The *Herald* advertised a great battle to come off shortly, on the Potomac, and the Don felt that he must bid adoo to the endearing young charms of the agricultural districts. Amid the sobs of Warren & Law, and the blessings of Bridget, he departed, and arrived at Alexandria just as the battle was about to begin.

Don Rantanquero de Boom-jing-jing assigned positions to the leading generals and staff-officers, and hurriedly reviewed the troops, drawn up in order of battle. He galloped up and down the lines, on foot, gorgeously caparisoned, and seemed to be everywhere at once. General McClellan said he considered the Don a very promising young man; and President Lincoln complimented him highly.

"You have a future, young man," said the President," and that reminds me of a little story that I'll tell you . . ."

The roar of cannon interrupted the worthy chief-magistrate's narration, and he hastened to lead his army into the deadly fray.

It is well-known to all great warriors, like the writer, that in battle, things get checkered to that degree that it is impossible to know anything about anything till the newspaper-correspondents have described the whole affair. De Boom-jing-jing, charging a cavalry regiment, single-handed, was drawn within the Rebel lines, and found himself in a thickly-wooded dell, somewhat removed from the thickest of the fight.

"Here, seated on the ground, was a thin gentleman of middle age. He was in uniform, but rather shabby, and had the appearance of being incapable of managing his buttons. A matted lock of hair graced his perspiring brow; his watery eyes were vacant of expression; his complexion struggled between pallor and pimples, and a sonorous hiccup startled spasmodically the tremulous air.

"Good day Sir," said the Don.

"Lesslone!" replied the stranger.

"Are you badly wounded, Sir?" asked Rantanquero, his natural nobility beginning to awaken.

"All I wanna, is . . . hic . . . is less us 'lone!" repeated the stranger.

"Do you desire some water?"

"Yes! Brandy-wahr. Young man . . . hic . . . know who I am?"

"I have not the honor, Sir."

"I'm . . . hic . . . Preznd' Davis . . . hic . . . Davis . . . Confed-'rated Stase. Less us 'lone!"

"Then, Sir, you are my prisoner. Give me your sword."

"Sword? . . . hic . . . sword? Guess ain't gor anny sword . . . hic . . . got pawn-ticket f'one . . . pawn-breaker 'n Richm'n'! Preznd' Davis . . . hic . . . Davis *nevrr* s'renders!"

"Rantanquero took the Rebel leader gently over his left shoulder, and carrying him to Washington, put him to bed in the calaboose, in a cell with a little Irishman and a big nigger.

He then returned to the battle-field.

A dense cloud of sulphurous smoke enveloped all things. The roar of gabions and the thunder of casemates shook the earth

The tumbrils clashed. The pompions shrieked. The fascines rang. Cutlass and blunderbuss were fired incessantly, and horsemen furiously cut their way with keen carabines through living walls of men.

A gigantic German, in the uniform of the Twenty-first Sockemchlagers, hurriedly approached our hero, and pointed out to him a Rebel fortification.

"Why is dat like ROBINSON CRUSOE?" asked he.

"I know not."

"Because it is De Foe's Work!" yelled the German, and plunged into the vortex of battle once more.

It was the brilliant and vivacious Baron VON KOWHINGEN, one of M' CLELLAN's superior imported staff-officers.

A dashing young lieutenant of Light Quadroons galloped up with an adjutant, and recognizing the Don, cried out:

"I say, BOOM, why is yonder battery like Tophet?"

"I know not."

"Because, they k[illegible]ep up an awful Hot Fire there! Adoo!"

He rode on against the battery, with his friend, and both were engulphed in a copious sheet of flame. The lieutenant escaped, but nothing was left of the adjutant save a small lock of his back hair.

As for Don RANTANQUERO, he performed miracles of valor. He assisted at manning guns, and gunning men. He shouldered a battery and battered the soldiery. When the enemy's light artillery charged him, he drew their charge. He smoked his pipe above the slain, and his war-song went up to the stained and lurid heavens loud and clear as the voice of the Four-Cent Man.

This was his war-song:

[AIR.—*British Grenadiers.*]

Come on, ye knaves, to bloody graves,
We give you right good cheer;
Both Ball and Rout you'll get no doubt,
From the Yankee Volunteer!
Ye Southern bloods who prate and blow,
And think that war is fun,
We'll teach you here the time is near
For every Blood to Run!

With fife and drum the Rebels come,
But it will soon appear
That they must flee right speedily
A Flea in every ear;
They break . . . they fly . . . they run away!
Before our mighty powers,
And all the hours of the day
Shall prove the Day is Ours!

While singing this martial ditty in a fine falsetto voice, the Don saw his rival, the base-hearted PETER, arise from a masked battery some two feet from him, and level an enormous horse-pistol close at his face . . . .

The muzzle of the weapon was within a few inches of the Don's temple . . . its aim was unerring . . .

"Die, slave!" howled PETER, and fired . . .

(To be Continued.)

THE HALLS OF MONTEZUMA.

Affairs are looking very blue for Mexico, just now. The Halls of Montezuma will soon be to let, unfurnished, unless the proprietors of the favorite establishment so called can arrange for making a good Haul somewhere outside, in the way of subsidies and sympathy.

The nature of Mexico's present trouble is not by any means complicated, but it is extremely unpleasant. Two tremendous nations, and a third which cannot in conscience be classed with the small potatoes of earth, are down upon her like a hod of bricks.

England took umbrage at the proprietors of Montezuma Hall, partly because of a bag of silver stolen from her representative by some *employés* of that house. The proprietors have tendered restitution; but England won't be pacified at the price, and puts in an execution on the house.

France has a very characteristic claim against the Montezuma. It appears that her young man got into a street row in front of that house, and that, during the progress of the gutter-fight, his hat was knocked off, and so badly mangled that its remains were only recognized after a fatiguing inquest. Now, if a Frenchman ever has a soft spot, it is in his hat; and as the proprietors of the Montezuma had nothing to offer France's young man, in exchange for his sweet thing in glossy silk, but a battered old *sombrero redondo*, is it surprising that France should put her young man's hat on to the scale along with England's umbrage?

As for Spain, her real cause of complaint against the gentlemanly proprietors of Montezuma Hall is, that they generally cut the throats or explode out the brains of any of her people who go to board at their house, or insist on their taking a passport instead of a drink, as in the case of Senor PACHECO. This, of course, is wrong of the Montezuma people, and they may have their licence—which appears to be very great—taken from them if they do it again, or even if they don't. But Spain is going to have a bad time of it among the people of the Montezuma, the most popular spirit retailed at the bar of which elegant house of entertainment is a "spirit of unextinguishable hatred and defiance" of her. There will be no *fandango*, nor any other go of that kind to welcome Spain. Plenty of *garrote* there may be, but no guitar; and as for the lively castanet, if the gentlemanly proprietors of the Montezuma cast a net, at all, it will be to catch a Spaniard. All the old parties of the place have now whittled themselves down to one point, which they are going to stick into stately old Spain. Even what is left of the Church party, which may not be described as one fat old party with a shovel hat, will bring secret aid to the wily "greaser" who offers luscious tropical fruits to the thirsty Spaniard. Look out, thirsty Spaniard! There are many Waiters in the Montezuma, and one of them waits for you at the barred window, with *trabuco* loaded to the muzzle, while you chaffer, in fancied security, with the wily "greaser."

AN ANECDOTE.

It is said that Gen. ○○○, before going into action at the battle of Bull Run, had a vivid presentiment that he would be killed in that affair. Still, he refused to make any of the usual preparations, and only demanded that an officer of his staff should receive, orally, his last request. The officer consented, and after some hesitation, the general began:

"My dear A ——," said he, "I know I shall fall" . . .

"Nonsense, General; do not give way to such fancies!"

"I care not . . . I leave but little behind me to enjoy; but I have one solemn request to make . . . one promise to exact. Then I can die happy!"

"What is it, General? I am ready to promise."

"Remember that I speak as one upon his death-bed."

"Yes, yes, General," sobbed the subaltern; "your wishes are sacred . . ."

"Then promise me," said ○○○, his face lighting up with a sublime glow of contentment and resignation; "promise me faithfully, that you will never, *never* permit them to erect to my memory a statue by CLARK MILLS!"

His Antecedents.

When the Rt. Reverend General LEONIDAS POLK, of Tennessee, was a bishop, he wore the mantle and Stole.

So startlingly natural are "show-figures," now-a-days, that a right-minded country gent may be forgiven for shouting "Police!" when he sees something like a forcible abduction on Broadway.

Nautical Anecdote.

A classical sailor on board the fleet at Beaufort, on dividing his piece of tobacco with a comrade, remarked that it was a Quid pro Co. This union of generosity and wit so enchanted the commanding officer, that the facetious mariner was instantly promoted to the mast-head.

John Bull's Hymn.

(Altered from Dr. What's his name.)

Tune: Trent.

How doth the burly, blustering, Bull,
Improve the present hour,
And try to bully Jonathan,
By all means in his power!

A Military Figure of Speech.

The Rebels are always talking about the Superior Numbers of the Federal troops. We suppose they mean such numbers as the 8th., 9th., 12th., 69th., 71st., etc., don't they?

Throwing Cold water upon it.

M. D'Ennery, the French dramatist, in his remarks about the "Colleen Bawn" of Mr. Boucicault, says that the "drowning scene" is the only thing good about it!

By One of the Sixty-Ninth.

"Ye see, England is jist like thim witches as used to gallivant about these parts . . . she's very much bothered by a Cotton Matther!"

A FEW LITTLE BETS.

Vanity Fair, in common with the rest of mankind, has regarded with contempt the controversy carried on for the past fortnight by the three "Old Sports," Bennett, Greeley, and Raymond, as to the circulation of their respective journals. The idea of wasting words and risking roubles on so paltry a matter as the one in question seems to V. F. infinitely absurd. If these journalistic "fancy men" want to bet, why dont they stake their money upon a matter of some interest to the community? Why doesn't the *Times* for instance, challenge the *Herald* to a foot-race, and why, we ask why, does not the Caledonian Chicken assure the Spruce Street Pet that he "means business" by offering at once to fight him in a 24 foot-ring for $10,000 a side?

That is the sort of thing that Vanity Fair and the people would like to see. And to prove that we would not only like to see it but to be in it also, V. F. shies its own castor into the ring, and blithely follows. As, unlike the virtuous Bennett, we do not consider betting "immoral" we hold ourselves open to the following little ventures:

1. We will bet our country exchanges against $5000, that, with our eyes blindfolded and one hand tied behind us, we can whip the Senior-Editor of the *Herald* in a stand-up fight (made as unfair as he can make it,) in precisely three minutes and a quarter.

2. We will bet our gold watch, diamond pin and socks, with any man, that, with both hands free, we can whip the three bellicose editors together in a rough-and-tumble. N. B. Greeley to be barred the use of his boots.

3. We will bet all the back numbers of Vanity Fair against their weight in gold, that with the assistance of our boy, we can whip the entire *Herald* establishment, editors, reporters, compositors, pressmen, clerks, folders, professional liars and all.

4. We will bet a banquet for three at Meschutt's that we personally are able to jump up into the air, crack our heels together seventeen times, blow our nose, look at our watch, discuss the emancipation question at length, and compose a sprightly article for Appleton's Cyclopedia, before coming down.

We do not offer these bets from any desire to recruit our own finances. Our coffers are overflowing. Personally we are rolling in opulence and three cent pieces. We can afford therefore to be humane and disinterested. The pecuniary results, accordingly, of this enterprise will be handed over to the Fund for the relief of Destitute Conundrum-Makers.

EDUCATED RATS.

It is a very simple question, but pray what are we coming to? The young man with the answer will please rise. Mr. Barnum, a man known to a few persons by reputation as proprietor of Tom Thumb, the dead, dying, and indisposed whales, and sole owner of the Great Behemoth of the Scriptures, is indulging in a new sensation called Educated Rats. Scientific Buffaloes were deemed remarkable not long since, but not one of them could hold a candle to the learned rats of to-day. It is probable that only the most able minded, intelligent, and accomplished cats would be equal to the task of killing a thoroughly schooled rat such as Mr. B. possesses. We have not held any interviews with the latest novelties, so we are not prepared to say exactly what they propose doing, but we can form an opinion. We should expect that they would assist in the Lecture Room performances along with the educated stars and stock actors, and add to the eclat of the moral drama.

To be educated, a rat must be up in spelling, reading, writing, arithmetic, and so on, and know a few well established conundrums.

The public will doubtless take a great interest in these scholarly creatures, and it would be well for Mr. Barnum to state where they took their diplomas, and whether they studied under Georgia school teachers. Are there any lawyers, physicians, editors or doctors of divinity among them? Have they read Great Expectations, and do they like it? Are they fond of the opera? Do they peruse the *Independent* and its advertisements? Have they become sufficiently versed in politics to apply for brigade commands in the Federal Army? These and a thousand similar questions will occur to every one. Also it would be curious to know what effect education has upon their morals and manners. Do they acquire profanity with ease? Are they able to appreciate slang? Do they ask to be placed in the Custom House or City Hall? Is any one of them likely to rival the editor of the *Herald* in his own peculiar style of argument?

Speak Barnum on behalf of your rats!

HOLLY BERRIES FOR CHRISTMAS.

HANGE thy tune, unjoyous croaker,
From the melancholy strain
Droned by thee with might and main—
Hearken, well, to me, the Joker.

If so be that on thy brow
Heavy lies the cypress wreath
Emblem of dead joys beneath,
Change it for the holly bough.

For the melancholy rue
Dipped into thy wormwood tea,
Take a leaf or two from me,
Glistening with mountain dew.

Burnish up thy mug severe:
Life's cup holds much bitterness,
Let thy mug of that have less—
Christmas comes but once a year.

Listen, when the cadent chimes
Quiver in the frosty air:
How their music doth compare
With the jingle of thy dimes!

For, some things run parallel:
There's a music of the pocket,
Far be it from me to mock it!
Harp with purse-strings warped goes well.

Sweetest harp for serenade!
When the tuneful strings vibrate,
Golden sparklets radiate,
Making hearts that sorrowed glad.

Touch those harp-strings, man of wealth!
Never mind how stocks are going,
Open hand with gold o'erflowing
Stocks the giver's mind with health.

If thy guerdon bring content
To one house of humble worth,
Witching plenty out of dearth,
With a touch munificent.

Not the sorrow on the land,
Nor the tidings from the sea
Shall prevail to sever thee
From the joyful Christmas band.

And by all whose minds are shaken,
Pondering the griefs that brood
Over field and o'erflood,
Kindly let these words be taken:

Cease, for one day, to discuss
Europe's dimly seen designs;
Christmas cheer one point defines—
Turkey *must* agree with us.

Plunge, for one day, into clover.
Sheath the sword, withdraw the cork,
Play the festive knife and fork;
Men can fight when fasting's over.

Once a year, a little folly
From the mind the cobweb shakes
From the dross the jewel rakes:
Crown ye, once a year, with holly!

"HOLD ME! I'M SO FRIGHTENED."

Considering the gorilla demonstrations made by the English Press about that little MASON and SLIDELL affair, it seems to us that we are taking matters with an unbecoming indifference approaching to levity. As for Mr. Secretary SEWARD, that officer of State appears to be no more alarmed at the terrible appearance cut by JOHN BULL in his new character of mail-clad-man of-war, than TRABB'S boy in "Great Expectations" was when he sarcastically made use of the words composing the head-line of this paragraph, as PIP loomed up before him all in gorgeous attire. One would think, from this apparent indifference of Mr. SEWARD and other prominent statesmen involved, that the redoubted *Warrior* which is said to be bound for our shores from those of Britain, was nothing more than a bark canoe, with all the bark peeling off it. One would almost suppose, indeed, from the existing levity with regard to foreign matters, that the popular American idea of JOHN BULL as a mail-clad man-of-war, makes him out to be a rather pursy old party with cooking utensils variously distributed over his person, armed with a knife and fork, probably, and carrying a turtle's shell for a shield. It is only by supposing such to be the state of popular opinion, here, that we can account for the merry Christmas feeling that our people exhibit. Bless ye! our people; don't let the rattle of JOHN BULL'S hardware disturb you from your Christmas dinners.

Alarming Intelligence.

The following announcement, from the daily papers, appears capable of a good deal of interpretation:

Ths strength of the American navy was being Canvassed in England.

If this means that England is already making Sail for us, the ooner we beat to quarters the better.

Avoir Jupois.

By the provision of the bill abolishing the franking privilege, it is enacted that speeches are to be conveyed through the Post-office for one cent per pound. It is encouraging to see that the article in question is at last recognized by Congress as a heavy dispensation, but we have our doubts whether groceries in general will feel flattered at Congressional speeches being thus put upon a level with them.

Interesting to Arbiters and Others.

At latest advices, the exportation of rifles and other small arms to America, from Great Britain, had been prohibited. It is not stated, however, that American Stocks, owned in England, are included in the above, and there are even indications that a considerable amount of them will be sent here for sale.

Turn about fair play.

In his speech at the Astor House, on Tuesday last, the Rev. HENRY WARD BEECHER hoped that we wouldn't have any war with England. "England" said Mr. B, "gave us MILTON."

Very good. If England was once capable of giving America MILTON, America may yet prove herself competent to give England Fits.

Green Room Conundrum by a Walking Gentleman.

How do we know that EVE'S husband was an actor?
Because he was the First Old Man.

"HOLD ME, I'M SO FRIGHTENED!"

MR. SECRETARY SEWARD IS ABOUT AS MUCH ALARMED AT JOHN BULL'S MAIL-CLAD MAN-OF-WAR AS TRABB'S BOY WAS AT PIPS.

STRANGE PHENOMENON OF NATURAL HISTORY.

Some natural philosopher—a very natural one we think—writes to a provincial journal about a dry fishpond in California, called "Spectre Lake." Let us give the paragraph in full, as any attempt at condensation might spoil it.

"Spectre Lake," at Washoe, Cal., is what was once a lake, but, having evaporated, the Lake is a horizontal sheet of hard coating, extending several miles. At the distance of one fourth of a mile it seems a real lake—calm, unruffled, silvery, and apparently as cool as any sheet of water—reflecting on its distant edges the objects beyond—peaks and hills and canons—with great distinctness. It has a magnifying power, and sedges a foot high become oaks, and ravens giraffes in its reflection.

The above description, as the reader will perceive, is rather vague, leaving us in doubt with regard to the material of which evaporated lakes are composed. From the expression "a sheet of hard coating," however, we are inclined to think that "Spectre Lake" must be a shoddy concern; which, taken in connection with its name, leads us to suppose that it is, perhaps, the place appropriated for the post-obituary accommodation of fraudulent contractors, on their removal from this vale of tears and tatters. At the first flush, there appears to be something rather steep in the assertion that ravens assume the forms of giraffes, in the reflection of Spectre Lake: it takes one's breath away, a little. But those who are skilled in the use of the microscope, are aware that a common Croton bug becomes a hippopotamus, when magnified five thousand times and multiplied by the square root of its tail; while, when subjected to the same process, a flea takes the form of a black-and-tan horse with bay points, warranted sound and free from vice, and pleasant to ride and drive; and a brick becomes a stable for it to live in, fitted with hot and cold water conveniences, gas, and all the modern improvements, complete.

To nature all things are possible, and these are some of its beautiful provisions.

OUR COUNCIL OF TRENT.

Among all the suggestions as yet propounded for the settlement of the *Trent* affair, we have not heard of one that could be successfully reduced to practice. This fact led us to hold a council on the subject, with several strong-headed, salt-water men, of the Bunsby stripe, and the result of our united opinions amounts, substantially, to the following proposition, which we submit, herewith, to the proper authorities.

Let Great Britain order the *Trent* to make sail for and heave to at the exact angle of latitude and longitude in which the *San Jacinto* caught her. She must have all her cargo, live and otherwise, restored, so as to be in every respect except the Mason, Slidell and Co., one, exactly as she was when searched by order of Wilkes.

Let the United States government then send out Mason, Slidell, and their respective secretaries, in the *San Jacinto*, and have them placed on board the *Trent*, exactly in the position in which they were when arrested on board that vessel.

Then let the *San Jacinto* take the *Trent* in tow, and never stop towing until she has towed her into the port of New York, and made a prize of her in Toto.

This done, the *Trent* should be tried in the U. S. Marine Court, before Judge Hearne, for keeping an offensive garbage box on the high old seas.

Should the *Trent* refuse to go in tow with the *San Jacinto*, Dr. Windship, the strong man, who should be on board the latter ship, will take her in hand, or in both hands, if necessary.

Painful Intelligence.

We are pained to announce that the proprietor of the *Herald* has the hysteria in its feminine and worst type. The presumed chief of the *Tribune* establishment is also suffering with spasms superinduced by reading malicious things in the *Herald*. At the *Times* office the editor is heard constantly calling for his boots, a tomahawk, a scalping knife, a belaying pin, a broadsword, a cutlass, a blunderbuss, a Minié rifle, a Parrot 32 pounder, a siege piece, and an ice pick—from which it is judged that he is out of his head, and wants to be "confronted with the man who said," and so forth.

Doubts are entertained as to the possibility of recovery in any of these cases.

Not very Surprising.

That Mr. William Hanlon should, considering, his unlimited alphabetical resources, hold the spectators Spell bound.

TIT FOR TAT.

Tit.

'Mid the fire and 'mid the smoke
When the flurried legions broke,
And the teamster's horses stroke
Thundered through the valley.

And the panic stricken men
Fled and formed and fled again,
Who had voice and courage then
To call on them to rally!

When great Russell, god of war,
Galloped fast and galloped far,
Out of reach of shot and scar,
To write his lying letters;

Who vainly stayed the flying van
As down the choking road they ran,
And then abided like a man,
The halter and the fetters?

Who but he who now alone
In his cell of reeking stone,
Utters never cry nor groan,
But the music faces?

Corcoran, hero of the fight,
In our hearts though out of sight!
Shrouded in the deadly night
That the South embraces.

Tat.

Slinking with their foul intent
In the British Steamer Trent,
On unholy mission bent,
See Slidell and Mason.

Cleared, if favoring winds increase,
For the British Isles of Peace,
To seek Secession's golden fleece,
Like another Jason.

But Medea was around,
In the *San Jacinto* bound;
And though oddly it may sound,
Wilkes was her cognomen.

For though marriage vows were broke,
Yet her heart was made of oak,
And the ten-pound word she spoke,
Was an iron omen.

Armed with courtesy and sword,
Gallant Fairfax stepped on board;
Vainly British Lions roared
About the law of Nations.

"Naught so far from his intent
As to harm the peaceful Trent,
Only—Captain Wilkes had sent
After his relations!"

So Slidell and Mason came,
Hearts lily white, cheeks red with flame,
And crushed beneath rocks of shame
That fall upon a traitor.

Now if a thinking jury sat,
Upon the case of Tit and Tat,
Which of the causes think you that
They would pronounce the greater?

A Con. in the good old style.

Q. What is the proper Shakspearian quotation in the case of a gentleman who discharges his servant under particularly aggravating circumstances, and gives him only a one-cent roll to keep him from starvation?

A. "A penny worth of bread for all that Sack!"

Song of the Mariner.

"Come, Oa-Kum, o'er the deep blue sea!"

HUMORS OFTHE WAR.

To the Commissariat Department.

First C. S. A. Private.—"I SAY, JIM, LOOK OUT THERE! THAT DOG IS AFTER YOUR RATIONS!"

Second do.—"NEVER MIND; I'LL BET FIVE DOLLARS HE CAN'T EAT 'EM!"

Tempor Mutantur.

WILLIS says that it is not only economical but fashionable to wear your eldest clothes. Mr. W. is a keen observer, and doubtless says true. Henceforth we shall expect the Old Clo' men to change their style of questioning and accosting the patrons in Broadway, ask them if they have anything New in the way of waistcoats, or anything flashy or stunning in the trousers line, which they would like to dispose of for a consideration. What high old times these be, verily when a man can come out in a bruised or mangled suit without being mistaken for an author or an affluent undertaker.

A Brace of Bullies.

If to threaten, be to fright,
And to bluster be to fight,
As on paper no one you do,
It is bully, JOHN, for you.

But if war means more than words,
Crashing bullets, bloody swords—
Victory on the land and sea,
'Twill be bully, JOHN, for me!

Allow us to Remark.

Mr. LESTER WALLACK is slightly mistaken with regard to one point connected with GAYLER'S "Magic Marriage"—and we take pleasure in calling his attention to the fact that the scene is *not* laid in Williamsburg during the nineteenth century, hence there is no occasion for wearing white stitched kids unless for the purpose of advertising a pair of small hands, say seven and three quarters.

A Con. on Contrast.

When are war-vessels like complete immobility?

When they're In-action.

THE MAYORALTY.

An early writer, recording the life and death of one HUMPTY DUMPTY, who occupied a prominent position before the world at that era, states of him that he "sat on a wall," and furthermore that he suffered downfall involving such total destruction that the entire army of the then reigning monarch would have been incapable of "setting HUMPTY DUMPTY up as he was, again."

To-day, we of New York are called upon to witness the spectacle of a new HUMPTY DUMPTY, in the person of FERNANDO I.

FERNANDO has long been sitting, in ease and comfort, upon a high wall, built of the Rocks that he knows so well how to quarry out of the people; making himself, in some sort, a bird of prey, and finding his Quarry in the public purse. But those who are boosted up to the top of walls may be hoisted down again, and FERNANDO has proved it. Like the original HUMPTY DUMPTY, he has "had a great fall," and it will take more armies and navies than his might can gather, even with the aid and comfort of Brother BEN, to "set him up again."

As the proof of the pudding is in the eating, we can not indulge in much of a glorification over the successful candidate. The merchants of New York are very curious people, and not quite infallible in their political judgement. They gave us TIEMAN, once, and if anything could be worse than WOOD, it was that fine old Knickerbocker of the paint and putty persuasion. Let us hope, however, that the present incumbent is "no such a man." If he escapes the first three months of his term without a wholesale arrest of all the newsboys, crossing-sweepers and street-women, and a wholesale ignoring of the faro-palaces and corner-gatherings of fancy-men and gambling-pimps, we shall begin to hope that the Mayoralty of New York is redeemable.

In the meantime, it is enough for us to feel that our Old Man of the Sea has been cast off from our shoulders for a period. We understand that he has expressed an opinion, since the election, that "Political life is a mere Lottery;" which may satisfactorily account for his preference therefor.

Ladies' Old Clo' Society.

In Buffalo the ladies are upon a new sensation. The papers say:

It has obtained the most unbounded approbation from gentlemen who have the happiness to be fathers or husbands. It consists of the dresses which were purchased last winter, and which, having been careful y put away, come out with all the advantages of novelty and economy. Some leaders of the fashion have gone so far as to place in the Savings Bank the money which new dresses would have cost, but this habit is at present confined to ladies of the most exquisite taste and judgment. So graceful and well fitting a habit will, however, it is thought, have many imitators.

If this is not a guy, we earnestly entreat all young men with moderate means and a disposition to get married to move to Buffalo, and then write to their adorables to come after them and join the Old Clo' Society.

The Effect of the Jovial Bowl.

The night was wild and bitter, but mirth danced in the blue eye of the YOUNGER, as, pushing the bottle across the table, he exclaimed:

"Canst tell me, O! Ancient! why the recent reports from Gen. MCCLELLAN'S head-quarters, are like unto articles of apparel hung forth to dry on a very calm day?"

Then the ELDER dipped his beard in the goblet, as he answered:

"Can I tell thee? Zounds! boy, can I read i' the moon?"

"Know then," said the YOUNGER, "that they are—because they are—'all quiet along the lines!'"

Then the ELDER quaffed a mighty draught, and cried, "By'r Lady! young springald! thy jest will scarce wash!"

The Role that Volunteer officers all want to fill.

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